



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

But now the Gnostics of infusion come,
 And lo ! antiquity is dumb,
 Bright with the newest minds illumination !
 They cry, that elephants or oaks are made
 By particles combined in light or shade.
 And this they name ambiguous generation !
 And prove, by microscopic views, that truth
 Is still a youth !
 Thus theories, like cards, are overthrown—
 One tumbles those before it, while on that
 Another presses, and is quickly prone—
 Till all are flat !
 Such still is reason, when on doubtful wing,
 She blindly soars, unaided by the Word,
 That light around her clouded path can fling,
 And bid her own, in nature, nature's Lord !
 That Word compels us in thy form to see
 The finger of Eternal Deity !

B. B.

A DRIVE TO KINGSTOWN.

One fine day during last month, Mr. Editor, I drove down to Kingstown, that "ultima Thule" of citizen excursions—at least at this season—in order to dissipate the effects of the previous night's quadrilling, which, from too frequent motion of my lower members, generally causes a disordered state of my **whole nervous system**, terminating where the system itself commences—in the brain—and, *horresco referens*, in the form, invisible but too palpable, of a *headache*. What a host of dreadful remembrances have their birth at that simple word ! And yet what effusions of genius have had their source in a *mal du tête*, whose pains are but the throes of labouring thought ! How beautiful the fable which feigns that Minerva was the offspring of Jupiter's brain, and that a violent headache was the precursor of her birth ! Is not this emblematic of the same evil affecting the human brain ? Where the result is *not* always wisdom, still the delivery from conceptive pains is as gratifying, and the offspring perhaps as dear. But I digress ; I merely wished to exemplify how "from evil often springeth good," and how from a drive to Kingstown, (in itself a serious evil, particularly if you are lucky or unlucky enough to be drawn by a horse affording fit subject for anatomical study, with all the muscles clearly traceable in motion,) how from such a drive I was led to the enjoyment of a delightful prospect.

Having arrived, I sauntered down to the harbour, and a more lovely scene cannot well be fancied. The day was particularly fine ; the calmness which reigned around breathed a sympathetic calm over the soul—there seemed to be an absorbing stillness in the air, in which every discordant sound was lost—even the gay stream of citizens that moved along the piers, poured on in seeming silence, or at least with a murmuring made musical by the softness of the air. Such an effect has been described by a late poet in those lines—

" The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
 The city's voice is still, like that of solitudes,"

It was under the influence of this scene that my headache was dispelled, or perhaps sublimed—(I use the word in its chemical sense)—evaporating in the lines which I transcribe underneath, and which,

though composed and written on the spot, are but a feeble portraiture of the beauties they would depict. I have used but little levigation since, fearing by any attempt at polish they might become less like

THE HARBOUR.

'Tis noon ! The sky is clear—the sunny deep
Is still, save where the rippling breezes sweep
Wooring, and whispering along, to sleep.
Each stately ship reposed at anchor rides—
By it the sportive ripple, as it glides,
Laughs in the sun-beams, and uncertain plays
On the dark vessel with reflected rays.
Now o'er the lulling waters flit awhile,
Broken reflections of the floating pile ;
Th' inconstant breeze each trembling charm enhancing,
As beauty's eye most fascinates in glancing,
Or as the glimpse *our* parting clouds bestow
Of heav'n's blue ether, gladdens more the view
Than in those realms of sultry solstice glow,
 Their one unchang'd expanse of azure hue.
Hush'd ev'ry sound of man, of toil, of care,
The wanton pennons dally in mid-air,
All silent though not still. For ev'n the bark
That fleets as rapid as electric spark
O'er the blue surface—mystic motion giv'n—
Seems by a silent secret impulse driv'n ;
Unheard the music of the plashing oar,
 That brightly sparkles on the raptur'd sight !
Though lost its sound—so distant from the shore—
 It gleams in measur'd harmony of light !
Gliding, like *Pleasure's* form, o'er flowerets bright
Of aerial fairy tread—no sound awaking,
It seems to move “ in light of its own making.”
Soothing the scene ! Haply those realms of bliss
May prove a haven, typified in this—
A calm eternity of peaceful light,
Where wearied souls may rest them from their flight,
And happy spirits, like those fleet barks, move
Ever in radiant harmony above !

Will you, Mr. Editor, and you, gentle reader, (if it be the pleasure of Mr. Editor that the foregoing lucubrations shall meet the eye of any reader more or less gentle than himself,) will you, I pray you, forgive the egotism or egoism (for difference, vide *Book of the Boudoir*,) of my discourse upon headaches ! If you are subject to such visitations, I am sure you will—and if you are not, I can only pray, in Christian charity, that “ a fellow-feeling may never make you wondrous kind !”

G. F. M.

PERSONAL SKETCH.—LORD PLUNKET.

The intemperate ravings of ungrateful men, cannot prevent generous minds from rejoicing at the exaltation of transcendent talent. Despite party prejudice, we share the triumph of the man of genius—the more especially if sprung from obscurity. We think of the early difficulties which he surmounts by his dauntless energy—of the poverty which he conquers by industry and perseverance—of his hardships, hopes, and fears while a friendless student, which none, save those who have felt them, can properly conceive. We observe him emerging from nameless poverty, forcing his way up the hill of fame and honour, subduing